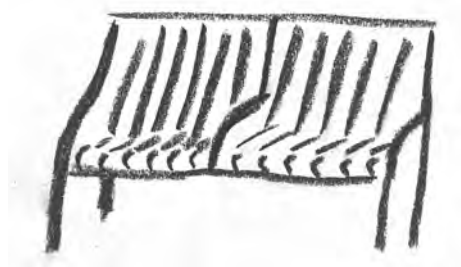




CART



VOL. 2







Eddie Metzger \* 'Sunset Views' \* Color Photograph, 2024

# Engineered Habitats

Today the Hawaiian Conservation Society celebrated the release of Locomotive K-241 into the wild.

K-241 is the last survivor of the historic Hawaiian railway fleet. The fleet's habitat, which used to extend over the islands of O'ahu and Hawai'i, was mostly destroyed through human development and climate change.

"The last line ran about a stone's throw from the beach," conservationist Allison Monroe notes. "But erosion meant it wouldn't sustain the loco for much longer, so we had to bring her into captivity."

The engine spent eight years in a warehouse while interest groups discussed her fate. It was Monroe who enlisted the support of Senators Agunoy and Kim to relocate K-241 onto the new metro rail.

This rail, which began construction in 2014 and is still in progress, runs over the roads in downtown Honolulu. Construction has been controversial for its cost and how it conflicts with car-focused habitats.

The city construction office states that it took advantage of the empty space above roads to build a two-tiered transportation ecosystem. Passengers can park in a lot outside the city, take the elevators to the rail stations, and then travel to one of six different points, where they will disembark above another parking lot.

"We hope to continue building higher, if we get the funding," construction worker Josiah Davies says. "We're an island of skyscrapers. It'll be so convenient if a passenger can get to the right floor rather than having to take elevators up and down."

For now, K-241 is on the same level as the new electric trains. The city has taken over her maintenance to cut costs on acquiring new locomotives.

Monroe is happy to see the engine back on the rails again, but it is bittersweet. "She's doing what a loco is meant to do. But she was my life for nearly a decade. I'll miss being the one to take care of her."



*'Constellations' \* Mixed media, ink and colored pencil*





Tanmoy Kayesen \* 'We've got a Little World of Our Own' \* Ballpoint pen on paper

# voices

What nobody tells you about transitioning is that the voices in your head take it and run with it. The supposed angel on your shoulder, that uptight little gremlin with its dime-store wings and cardboard halo, tells you to pay attention to the stares, the whispers, the people who pretend they can't pronounce your pronouns, the people who know they can be respectful but choose not to. The supposed devil on your other shoulder thinks it's intimidating, but it's not, because it looks embarrassingly like your Pinterest board. Your relatives ask you questions they could search online, and it comforts you like only a figment of your imagination could. The two clichéd supernaturals have an argument, in front of the all-shattering mirror, in the gendered bathroom that makes

you and everyone else feel awkward, in the closet. They tear each other's hair while, bracing yourself, you cut off yours. You tell your therapist you struggle with internalized transphobia, and he tells you to brush it off, but there's no way you could take that literally; the voices are yours. You thank your inner voices with an infodump and a quiet smile, and the supposed angel reminds you that all you are is what you think other people think of you thinking of them. The supposed devil reprimands the supposed angel for being confusing. You throw away your dresses and, eventually, they throw away their dispute. You are made of the words thrown like daggers, it is true, but you melt them down and make them shining armor for your new bodymind.

*mk zariel*

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**mk zariel {it/its}** is a transmasculine neuroqueer poet, theater artist, movement journalist, and insurrectionary anarchist. it is fueled by folk-punk, Emma Goldman, and existential dread. it can be found online at [mkzariel.carrd.co](https://mkzariel.carrd.co), creating conflictually queer-anarchic spaces, writing columns for *Asymptote* and the *Anarchist Review of Books*, and being mildly feral in the great lakes region. it is kinda gay ngl.



**MEDICINE  
BEAR**





and up  
and up

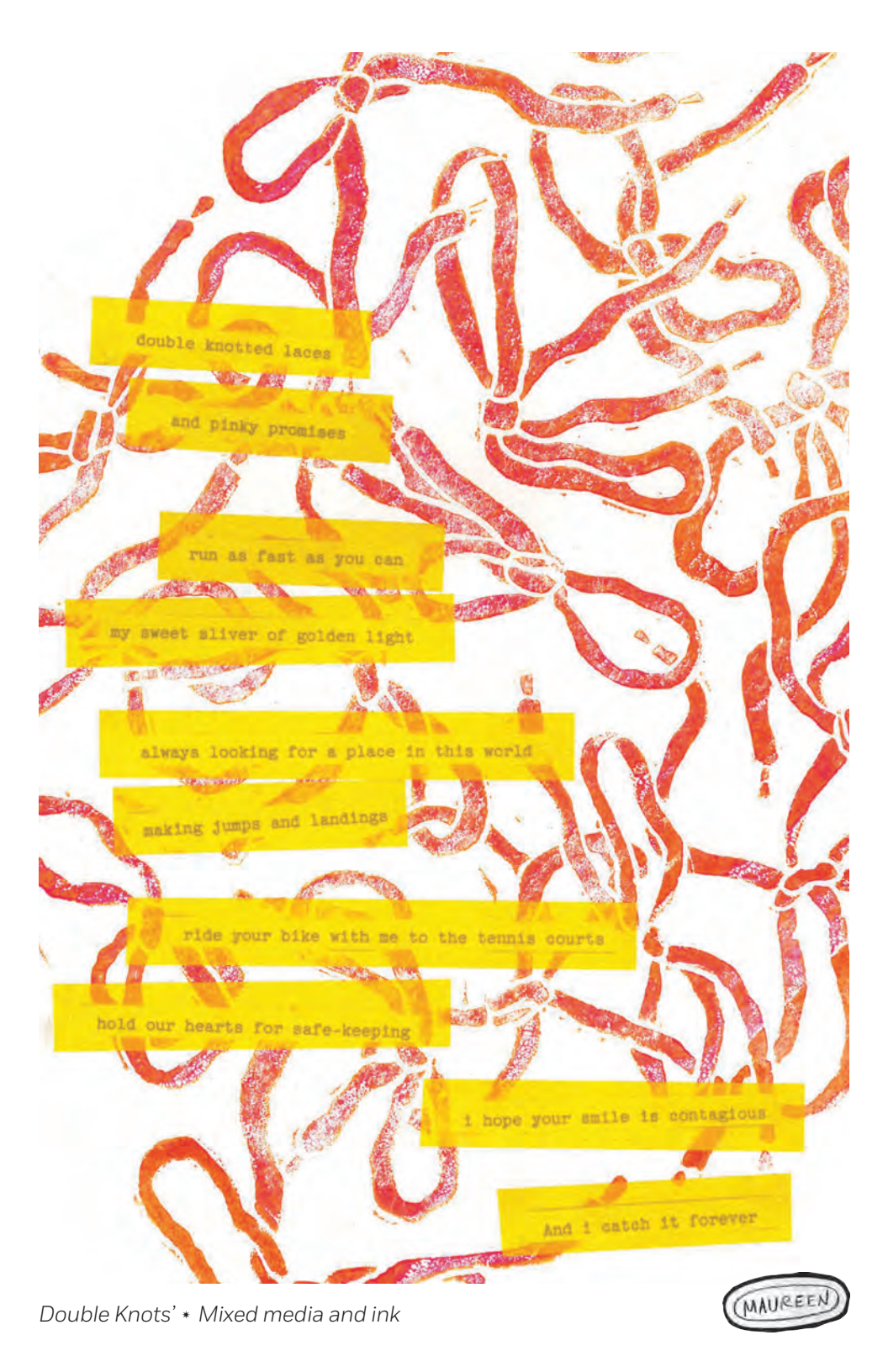
Looking up  
pushing air in and o u t  
seeking, searching  
a way around  
a way over  
a way through

holding onto ill-spoken sentences  
in the depths of my chest  
heard years ago but  
long forgotten by the giver

i remember to pay forward  
only kindnesses

remember                      only kindnesses





double knotted laces

and pinky promises

run as fast as you can

my sweet sliver of golden light

always looking for a place in this world

making jumps and landings

ride your bike with me to the tennis courts

hold our hearts for safe-keeping

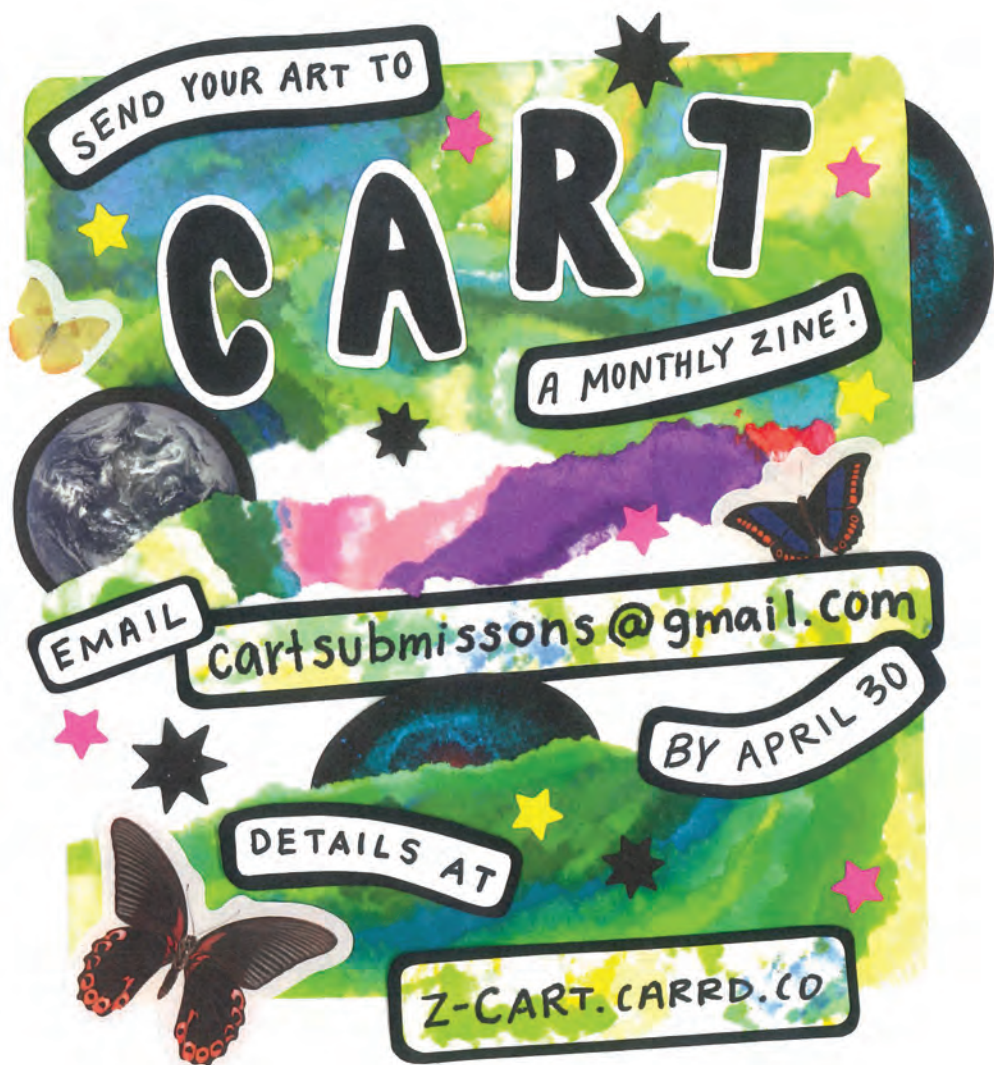
i hope your smile is contagious

And i catch it forever



Faith Allanson 'Ink, alcohol markers & acrylics on paper





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### Disclaimer:

**This thing you're holding was made by real-life humans.**

**CART** is a collection of **art** from a community of **artists** in a monthly-ish zine. We're looking for more real-life humans — or extraterrestrials, that would be cool — to help us create it. Find us enthusiastically in real life at Bloomington Fine Art Supply on the third thursday of each month and reluctantly online at [z-cart.carrd.co](https://z-cart.carrd.co) and [z-cart.bsky.social](https://z-cart.bsky.social).

